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In(tra)fusion: Kitchen research practices, collaborative writing, and re-conceptualising the interview

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In(tra)fusion: Kitchen research practices, collaborative writing, and re-conceptualising the interview

Abstract

At the end of our year-long funded collaborative writing project we met to write. We created a writing cocoon around Dagmar's kitchen table (why are kitchens so conducive to work? Is it the smell, the promise of being fed? The clutter? The hiss of the kettle?), and sat with each other, sat with our laptops. We listened to taped voices. We wrote, wrote in response to what we heard and what we imagined we heard. We listened with each other to others. We read aloud our responses, re-wrote ourselves into each other's responses, and wove filigree threads that held where others broke. These kitchen research practices led us to a response to the ontological, epistemological and methodological difficulties with the qualitative research interview. We offer *in(tra)fusion* as a re-calibrating, a re-casting, a re-conceptualising, as the familiar becomes strange.

Key words: methodology: postqualitative; interviews; collaborative writing

In(tru)fusion: Kitchen research practices, collaborative writing, and re-conceptualising the interview

A beginning (of sorts)

In this paper we write our way, through collaborative writing as inquiry (see Speedy & Wyatt, 2014), into a re-framing of the research ‘interview’. We sound clear about this now as we write these beginning words, but we did not plan to get where we did. That’s the point: writing – writing collaboratively – took us somewhere. Somewhere happened; it opened itself to us, found us.

In what follows we describe the kitchen research practices that led us, at the end of a funded collaborative writing project, to a post-qualitative (St. Pierre, 2011) response to the ontological, epistemological and methodological difficulties with the qualitative research interview. We offer *in(tru)fusion* as a re-calibrating, a re-casting, a re-conceptualising, as the familiar becomes strange.

For the months following the end of our one-year funded collaborative writing project we met every Friday, creating a writing cocoon around Dagmar’s kitchen table. (Why are kitchens so conducive to work? Is it the smell, the promise of being fed? The clutter? The hiss of the kettle?) We sat with each other, we sat with our laptops, at Dagmar’s oval wooden table. We talked. We listened to recorded interviews (let’s call them that for now). We listened with each other to others. We wrote. We wrote in response to what we heard, or what we imagined

we heard. We made coffee. We talked. We read aloud our written responses to each other and wrote again, writing ourselves into each other's words; and read aloud again. More coffee. More talking. Repeat. Kitchen research practices.

Posthumanist, postqualitative inquiry calls out the received humanist wisdom of interview research (Jackson, 2013; Mazzei & Jackson, 2016; St. Pierre, 2011; etc.). Drawing upon Deleuze and Guattari's 'body-without-organs' (2004), Lisa Mazzei, for example, challenges the stability of the 'voice' of the knowing individual subject with inherent agency and proposes instead the 'voice-without-organs' (VwO):

[V]oice in postqualitative inquiry becomes an entanglement of desires, intensities, and flows, a VwO that is made and unmade in the process that we call research and analysis. If, as in posthumanism, agency is an entanglement of flows ... then a VwO is becoming in the entangled flow of social relations, existing in the between-the-two of research-data-participants-theory-analysis. (Mazzei, 2013, p. 735)

Childers (2014) follows Mazzei's "entangled flow" with the observation that any notion of 'analysis' is merely a grandiose phantasy of the unruly somehow being controllable. She calls instead for *promiscuous* analysis, "writing, thinking, and theorizing [that] happen all at once and exceed the containment of phases, time, and space" (p. 820), an excess and rebelliousness echoed in turn by Augustine's "leaking system" (p. 750) of writing on dinner napkins, losing track of time, and other "blasphemous" (p. 752) analytic practices.

In this paper, we take up such authors' calls to re-cast interview research and to find ways to think and work differently with the *agentic assemblage* – “the combined activities of a variety of bodies and forces” (Bennett, 2009, p.126, *n*32) – of the ‘interview’ encounter and its ‘data’ and ‘analysis’ (Mazzei & Jackson, 2016). We offer here both an account of ‘entangled practices’ (*ibid.*) commensurate with the “agentic assemblage” and, through these practices, a concept – *in(tru)fusion* – that we stumbled upon or, better, that stumbled upon us.

Kitchen research practices

“So, what now?” Does it matter if we can’t recall whether these were the exact words, when we were sitting together at Dagmar’s dining table late northern hemisphere summer, 2015? Even Edinburgh has a summer. Dagmar had made coffee; a seductive smell lingered on after our cups showed just brown and slightly icky residue. We could still hear the chirruping of birds in the garden; by November, noisy restoration work next door would obliterate these delicate sounds.

Here we were, this August day, indecisive, uncertain what to do.

In Spring 2014 we had secured a research grant to inquire into the ‘development’ as writers of doctoral students and post docs through

collaborative writing. For almost a year, we had facilitated collaborative writing events, troubling and disturbing notions of academic writing as predominately solipsistically-inflected endeavours. A dozen of us had met once a month for an hour and a half, sometimes for two and a half, in scattered, dingy classrooms; had written and read ourselves into and out of and between each other, our texts, our places and spaces.

Funders want 'data'. What we had to show as 'data' were not only collaboratively-written texts, but also pre- and post- project 'interviews', Dagmar with our participants, the two of us with each other. Funders like 'interviews'. Dagmar, unconsciously perhaps, had kept an audio-file of ours and our participants' voices on her MacBook.

That was where we were, when we sat down on that late August day, indecisive, uncertain what to do, what to do with 'data'. We knew something for certain: irrespective of what 'they' were and what we were about to do, we had to do 'it' together; we had to follow through the implicit ontological imperatives and work in collaboration with each other. With more predictable ways of knowledge production beckoning from the sidelines, and promising a way out of our hiatus, we trusted in the processes of deliberate methodological ambiguity. We wrote in order to see where our writings would take us (Richardson & St. Pierre, 2005; Speedy & Wyatt, 2014).

We opened our laptops, raised the seductively smooth, warm silver membrane embossed with its bitten forbidden fruit; we let our hands hover over our

keyboards. We listened; we listened to ‘recordings’; we listened with each other to the absent, yet present, others; we listened to Dagmar and others talking in Jonathan’s cramped Jonathan-empty office on the day of the week he is never there; we listened to the light coming through his half-window; we listened to the books that line one wall, books that come and go, that wander around the University in students’ bags and, at some point later, return; we listened to the posters on his wall, the creaking of the radiator; and we listened to voices, Dagmar’s and others’; we listened into accents and sighs and shifts in timbre; we listened into silence, hums and aahs; we listened to intrusive ringtones; we listened into stories of excitement and anxiety, peaks, jitters, staccatos, speedy delivery, into slow deliberations, drawn out words, truncated sentences.

We listened at Dagmar’s table, those days in August and September, and we wrote as we listened. We wrote into resonances and dissonances, into affective reverberations and meaningful citations. We wrote into what we noticed, what jarred, what echoed in and through us.

Once each finished – once *some/thing* had finished, but what were they? ‘Recordings’? Assemblages of sounds and silences, light and cold, breath and bodies? One assemblage and another, one assemblage into another. Let’s say, *when we found ourselves re-arranged, shifted. When there was a shift from one assemblage to another* – yes. So, *when each shift came*, we kept writing; we wrote in response to our resonances. We re-wrote ourselves into each response, in an intermingling of writings and voices, citations and retorts. We wove filigree

filaments that held where others broke, in a pas-de-deux that was always, as Erin Manning might say, more than two (Manning, 2013).

We wrote for ten, fifteen minutes. The time it takes to drink coffee. We read our texts aloud, each in turn. We changed seats, changed machines; Dagmar wrote on Jonathan's, Dagmar wrote into Jonathan's text, following on from his in italicised text; Jonathan sat at and wrote into Dagmar's; then, again, we read aloud.

Paused. Made more coffee, went to the bathroom; looked out of the window; gossiped; took care of ourselves. Started again.

Annabelle

It might have gone something like this: We listened to one participant, 'Annabelle,' and Dagmar talking. We heard Annabelle say to Dagmar (though not like this, not how you as the reader will 'hear' it: your reading/hearing will be different again; you will read/hear Annabelle in something you might call your own reading/hearing voice):

"The week that we were writing to people's objects¹

and they were writing back, that was just like –

it really blew me away because –

I mean, it was fine, you know, writing about someone else's object

¹ For this session of the collaborative writing project we each brought an object that meant something to us as writers, placed it on the floor, chose another's object – without knowing whose or what its associations were for them – and wrote in response to it. Those that wished to then read aloud what they had written.

but actually there was something in the group that was quite amazing how .

in some way,

you know,

the person that wrote about my object doesn't know me that well

and yet what they wrote about the object kinda rang true with –

although people were seeing the object from a different perspective,

there was like some kind of connection between people.

And I found that fascinating”

Jonathan wrote at his laptop in response to Annabelle:

“I love what she says about the objects session ‘blowing her away’, especially as I remember it as such a struggle. Her realisation that someone could say something relevant to her about her object without having known her or any of the stories about that object. There’s the sense I have of having been taken over, taken by surprise. She had to be open to it, yes, but the event blew her away. ”

We stood, then changed seats, and this is how Dagmar followed Jonathan’s writing on his machine, in italics.

“This is it for today, the last listen, the last thought, the last change of bodies. I am glad it was you, Annabelle, here, now, with us, Jonathan and me, that we

heard you speak with such vivaciousness and energy of writing, of being a writer.

I have been taken by surprise how previously congested words appear here now, after a couple of days writing as, well I want to say as if my life depended on it, but it seems too dramatic, somehow; can I bear it? Can we bear to hear that our lives depend on writing? “

Meanwhile, in parallel, while Jonathan was writing the above text (“I love what she says, etc.”), Dagmar had been writing as follows:

“Isn’t it so that being blown trusts in winds to carry us, on the proverbial whim, sets us down unexpectedly, in a place we might not have visited on our own? These thresholds of trust and slight hesitancy, of belief and fear, don’t mark one against other, but link in gossamer threads.

Doing something different – there it is again, we hear it over and over these last couple of days, an almost intangible difference, a barely – what shall I call it? – whisper, yes, a whisper of what has not been before, not thought of before, without ties, blown away, as you put it, Annabelle, with 2 ays, 2 ens, 2 ees, and 2 els but not in that order.”

Imagine Jonathan moving to write at Dagmar’s sleek grey technological candy:

"The wind that blows us away can be a whisper, yes, a faint rustle that we are not aware of until it's upon us and we are gone. Somewhere else."

Let's in(tra)fuse

We kept meeting, each Friday morning, at Dagmar's table, our same routines, writing, reading, writing, working out where we were going and what we were doing. We talked too. Coffee and almond croissants also featured. Week after week. And we found, somehow and from somewhere as we worked and played, and dissatisfied with what we had available to us in our posthuman, post-qualitative sensibilities, a pun that helped to shift us along a recalibrated methodological trajectory.

No, not interviews. *In(tra)fusions*. Hear it: 'In'-open bracket-'tra'-close bracket-'fusions'. In(tra)fusions: infusion, fusion, intrafusion.

Not the 'inter' of individuated human subjects, bounded and separate but the 'intra' of the enmeshed (Barad, 2007).

Not 'viewing', where those whole, impermeable individuals 'see' each other, 'search' for what's 'visible', as well as for that which may be 'hidden'. Not viewing, where the optical offers the promise that what is produced in the encounter can be 'seen', the required data is thoughtfully passed across the coffee cups like so many sugar cubes; or seen, even where the two share or 'co-

create' data. Not viewing, where those individuals, perhaps separately, perhaps together, perhaps silently, perhaps aloud, might 'reflect'; might hold what they find in front of the mirror, discrete and *there*, and stand back to consider how it looks and how they understand it.

No, not that, not viewing. *Infusing*, a mutual immersion. A steeping. A material dwelling. A soaking, that allows, and attends to, what seeps between and leaves everything different from what it was before. No going back. Infusing: where touching, breathing, hearing, tasting, through, with, beyond and despite words and voices – sensing – is an emergent process that creates something new.

Not the inter of the interview. Not the inter of the ontologically separate, who meet and sit in mute, placid chairs in a passive, dead room, with a cubed, metal device opening itself to receiving sound waves that are converted and 'stored' – as if frozen as they are – and transformed again into sound, as if now thawed and revived to represent those original sound waves just as they were. No, not that. Not the inter of the two active humanist individuated human subjects exchanging knowledge to the background of still neutrality, a fantasy now surely forever disrupted by the intra- of Karen Barad's (2007) ontoepistemological theorising, and the work on 'interviews' of the likes of Jackson, Mazzei and many others.

Not inter, intra. An emergent, irruption of what happens. A material-discursive *haecceity* (Deleuze & Guattari, 2004). A cutting together/apart (Barad, 2013). A *dephasing*, "the instance where the complex nodes of incipient relation tune toward what can be singled out as a discrete iteration: toward a remarkable

point." (Manning, 2013, p.18). Not inter, intra.

Not interview. Intrafuse. Fusion. Fusing. Where the 'moment' of Dagmar-and-Jonathan-sitting-at-Dagmar's-kitchen-table-drinking-coffee-listening-to-Annabelle-on-a-winter-Friday-morning is one, the Deleuzian "qualitative multiplicity" that Paul Bains speaks of: "A processual pathic intensity. An eventy breaking down the ontological iron curtain between mind and matter. A desiring machine. A 'fusional' multiplicity." (2002, p.104)"

Not interview as *transfusion*, 'gathering data' from 'outside' to be poured into the receptive digital body and transformed into curative meaning, the importation of the transcendent new into what lies passively there, the transfusion of 'external' fluid introduced by venous injection in order to cure with its powers. Not that. Intrafusion, which in the 19th Century medical practice, involved enabling a flow within, "availing ourselves of the residue of the body" passing blood from the extremities to the vital centres and "fully and most satisfactorily accomplish[ing] the restoration of the essential functions of life to an active vitality." (Le Page, 1884, p.1073). We may wish to argue against notions of 'extremity' and 'centre', of course, but nevertheless.

Intralude (Dagmar)

The first week of October, 2015, has come and gone. There's a nip in the air now, as we say in Scotland, a barely perceptible cold bite that comes at you when you

least expect it – the shiver on opening the windows in the early morning, on dashing to buy a pint of milk without a jumper.

After a non-summer, the flowers in my garden look dishevelled and forlorn. I am at home, writing this text at the wooden oval table that has become Jonathan's and my regular workspace. I 'plug into' (Deleuze & Guattari, 2004) familiarity and difference, take my seat, minus the materiality of Jonathan, have coffee, minus Jonathan, open my MacBook, minus Jonathan.

It is at this table that we write, we listen to recordings, respond, make our selves known in audible responses to other voices, affect-laden, affect-bare, in permutations of in-betweenness. We swap seats; that's important, I think, the shift from settled to unsettled, unfamiliar, unknown, perhaps, though the taxonomy is less categorical. Something is happening here, even if I cannot really say what this elusive 'something' is, a becoming of sorts, a processual becoming, yes, that's more like it, infused with/in thinking, feeling, sensing, hearing, writing, listening, responding, shifting ... a diffractive dance of Baradian 'intra-action' (Barad, 2007).

The voices stay with me. I initially wrote "The voices stay with me *long after the last recording*", but fear the temporal specificity mutes their very resonances. They stay, they just stay. Let me be more specific: what stays is less invested in language but in sounds, in timbres sliding along affect-scales, in staccatos, stammerings, stutterings, in air pressed, perhaps hastily, against tongue, lips,

teeth, in embodied overflow, in smiles, or growls. In catching something of each other; in catching each other.

And your voice stays with me, Jonathan, who, as I write, is in New York. A whole ocean, and yet. Threaded weft against the warp of what's mine, yours, ours, in an entanglement of becomings. Yes, plural - becomings. How could it possibly be otherwise?

Cavarero (2005) speaks of how outside speech "the sphere of the voice is constitutively broader than that of speech: it exceeds it." Is this not the methodological trajectory we are leaning into – the excess that speaks in spite of speech? The force; the saying, rather than the said; breaths, rhythmical conductors, whose cadences are written on/in/through bodies in a "reciprocal exposure that precedes any initiative" (p. 31). We spoke of stammerings, stutterings, becomings all, caught in order to disappear.

For the last few days my voice has disappeared; I say it has disappeared but I expect it is just in hiding – there are moments when what I think is me sounds utterly alien, when I sound alien to my self (better!), and the shock of unexpectancy punches a low line.

I am reminded of Cixous who says that writing is never outside: "It is deep in my body, further down, behind thought. Thought", she continues, "comes in front of it and it closes like a door" (Sellers, 2000, p. 204). So is this where I am, now, in the interstices of thought and desiring writing, desiring, and writing, and thought

just gets in the way? Excess in spite of speech, in lieu of speech, speaking excess, speaking desire, infusing me/us with residual matter, staining what is always more than just ours. Maybe, just maybe, this is what we are doing, Jonathan, we as in you and me, and the many more intra-active entanglements which slipped across thresholds, in(tra)fusing with our own (our owned?) affective embodied responses?

Kitchen research practices (2)

In a humanist ontological understanding of interview research once is usually enough. The interview *is*. You know what it is: you do it, record it, listen to it, transcribe it, analyse it. Done. No claim for fixed ‘truth’ may be made but the ‘data’ is largely seen as static. We know what the ‘data’ are (the spoken words of ‘participants’) and, once crunched, coded and ‘analysed’, its meanings can be known.

In a postqualitative, posthumanist frame, the “agentic assemblage” (Bennett, 2009) of the interview remains in flux, its/our claims only ever hedged, “one particular entanglement” (Mazzei & Jackson, 2016, p. 7) that will be different from one moment to the next as the assemblage changes, moves on, becomes other.

We took an earlier version of this paper to a conference, the International Congress of Qualitative Inquiry, in May, 2016. The paper changed as we carried it

in our bags, as we rehearsed it, as we presented it to others in a wood-panelled hall one Saturday morning, and as we talked about it afterwards. We returned home. We returned to Dagmar's kitchen. We returned with Annabelle (who had, in a sense, accompanied us), to Annabelle.

Annabelle: 24 June 2016

Another Friday morning. But this was the day of the referendum result, in which the UK voted to leave the European Union. We sat with coffee in near-silence, sad and afraid. This paper called. Annabelle called. It was all we could do.

We sat at Dagmar's kitchen table; we listened again to the recording of Annabelle-and-Dagmar-talking-in-Jonathan's-office-in-August-2015; and again we wrote, read aloud, swapped seats, wrote at each other's laptops, read aloud. We in(tra)fused.

Jonathan writes at his machine

It's been ten months since we sat together at this table with Annabelle, with Annabelle and you talking on your laptop; you and Annabelle and the echoes of my office.

It's been ten months and much has happened. The world has changed in that time. We have changed. We have changed with the world. Bowie, Rickman,

Prince. Orlando, Jo Cox². And, today, the UK's – but not Scotland's – decision to sever its ties with the European Union.

We sit here now, with Annabelle, with you-and-Annabelle-in-my-office and everything has not 'evolved' but 'involved', as Deleuze and Guattari (2004) would have it. Folded and unfolded and folded and unfolded along a plane of immanence. So this is a repetition of what we did last August, when we sat with Annabelle before, and this is different (Deleuze, 1994).

This time I'm drawn to the scraping of paint on cardboard with a credit card³ – the sound and feel of it, the sense of that action, in a room alongside each other, Tess guiding us and setting us free, and we were silent much of the time, concentrating, then moving and laughing, nervous and excited and uncertain. Now, here, you, Dagmar, writing alongside me – by the way, what is that noise your machine makes every five minutes, that soft alarm? – now, here, I wonder how we moved from credit cards and paint to writing? How did we do that? There's a wonder there, how the materiality of art work and writing work became each other, all of us together. "I didn't think I'd get to a point of spreading paint with a credit card on cardboard", Annabelle says. The collaborative writing enterprise she was so much a part of took her to places she never imagined at the start, that nervous, determined start she speaks of.

² Jo Cox was a UK Member of Parliament, murdered while working in her constituency in June, 2106.

³ In the 'interview' Annabelle talks about the final session of the collaborative writing project in June 2015. We spent a morning creating art together, standing and moving around three large sheets on tables, a process that led into further collaborative writing. The art practice was led by Tessa Wyatt.

I think I am feeling her talking of the art practices we used a year ago because I want to feel the hope that comes with it, with then; that sense of possibility, of what we might make between us. Bright and smooth and bold and possible. Hope is what I need.

Dagmar responds, writing on Jonathan's laptop

Thank you, Jonathan, for breaking my solipsism, for allowing me to think beyond the parameters which, I fear, have been constricting me. I can hear, no, read you here, in communitas with Annabelle. I hear the folding and unfolding of Deleuzian planes of immanence, I hear it. You hear me that I hear it? I hear the cars outside, the birds in the garden, begin to smell the coffee, always coffee, for sure, and begin to take my first breath, deep, inhale into hope, into the scraping of credit cards, into joyous and vivacious shades of blues and reds and yellows. I hear the gentle tapping of our fingers, not in unison, but melodic nevertheless (oh yes, the soft alarm indicates another email), the sighs and pauses, the hope – hope? – yes, hope. I hear hope.

Hope rolls round my tongue, a soft curvature of mouth, a pouting of sorts; kisses me into a different becoming.

You, Jonathan, remind us of the last ten months – really? 10 months already? – and the shapes that we have woven out of innumerable affective relationalities. The shapes that move and reconfigure what in turn shapes us. Bowie, Rickman, Prince, Orlando, Jo Cox.

Writing is always part of who we are, you wrote, Annabelle.

Of course. Of course.

Meanwhile, in parallel with Jonathan above, Dagmar was writing at her laptop

Writing, writing is always part of who we are, you say, Annabelle. I hear you differently, now, on the 24th June 2016, in the aftermath of a disastrous referendum. I want to listen, attentively, and yet, seem unable to grasp what you are telling me. This is what I caught:

Writing, writing into unknown places, sticking where others left, despite being uncomfortable.

Writing that blows you away, that connects with others.

Writing that struggles to find a place on the page.

Writing that breaks down boundaries, barriers.

I fear that I fail you, here, now, in my own writing, preoccupied as I am with what is undoubtedly going to shape our sense of belonging. You speak hope and yet I cannot connect the words to its meaning. You speak being blown away, and I feel cast adrift. You speak struggle and I recoil.

Writing is always part of who we are, you say, Annabelle; sometimes, today, it offers so very little sustenance.

We swapped seats and while Dagmar was responding to Jonathan, Jonathan responded to Dagmar at her laptop, as follows

So very little sustenance. Yes. I felt that too as I was writing. What is this act we are doing? What is this for? What is the point? And yet I kept writing. You too.

Even this, what you have written, despite what you articulate, calls forth Annabelle, the 'unique existent' (Cavarero, 2000) that she is, brings her to me, differently to how she was with me on my own just now.

We always fail. That's what comes to me now as I re-read your words. We always fail, in the sense that we can never claim 'fullness', can never 'do justice' to those whom we bring onto the page. Nor do justice to each other. Like now: this will fail. This will fail you. It will be something but never enough and always too much. Maybe that's what Annabelle's phrase 'writing blows you away' also means. This writing can't do what it claims to do. It can't bring close – to you, to a reader – all that it wants to, or 'should' do. It blows – you, others, Annabelle – away. Gently, like fluff on a breeze. Drifting off out of reach. We can never 'capture' – our participants, their words, each other, meaning, anything. We can't 'do justice', because there's no eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth exchange possible, even if we wanted it. It's an arrogance.

So we struggle, floating, adrift, reaching out to what we can, paying as much attention to what we **can**, like you do for Annabelle here, and me too, and like we are doing for each other in this in(tra)fusive act, until – maybe, maybe – the writing gives us a glimpse of what might be possible.

Let's in(tra)fuse (2)

In(tra)fusion has caught us up in felt processes of postqualitative research as we aspire to re-conceptualise tired research practices. Earlier in this paper we spun the term, writing/thinking aloud with its allied, contrasting, assonating components, with its variations, its prefixes, its nouns and verbs – inter/intra, infuse/infusion/interviews, fuse/fusion/views, intrafuse/intrafusion, transfusion/intrafusion – in an exploration into how it might help us to think and do differently, to enable us in ours and others' "kitchen assemblages" (Mazzei & Jackson, 2016, p. 3) to experiment and engage anew with 'interview' research.

Ah, but this time, in summer 2016, all has been different. Even the term, *in(tra)fusion*, this concept and its variations, is different. We thought we had squeezed out all its possibilities, but writing with Annabelle again we found a further elision, *intrusion*. So the full term should read *in(tr)(a)(f)usion*, which may be too much; and only the noun works – 'intrude' not 'intruse' – but still.

Intrusion. Usually unwelcome, undesirable and implicit of the ontologically separate, the intrusion of *intrafusion* becomes necessary, inevitable and enmeshed. *Intra*-usion acknowledges that nothing is ever, can ever be, 'pure' or

‘neutral’, everything affected – intruded upon – by the material, human, and more-than-human other. On that Friday morning, politics intruded. Violently. It had to; it will continue to do so as the politics change and emerge, and moreover as, at its best, our work as qualitative researchers impacts upon those politics. Any concept of ‘bracketing’, is, surely, not only impossible but unethical (Denzin, 2010).

Intrusion. That morning, affect intruded, ‘dephasing’ (Manning, 2013) in us as something like mourning. Something like rage. As if affect couldn’t, wouldn’t, intrude, wasn’t always already *there*, “the force, the lure, through which a certain constellation comes to expression” (Manning, 2013, p. 25).

Annabelle intruded, her not-sameness confronting any taken-for-granted assumption we may have had that the recording of her-and-Dagmar-in-Jonathan’s-office would be ‘the same’ then as it was back in August 2015. It was not simply that we, the clutter on Dagmar’s kitchen table, the weather and the world were different, and the recorded interview the same. *It*, she-and-Dagmar-in-that-room-talking-together, recorded, playing to us in Dagmar’s kitchen in late June, had become other; and its difference pierced us. Provoked us. Stopped us in our tracks. Intruded.

Intralude 2 (Dagmar)

In(tra)fusion. I touch urgency, flighty fingers. I feel intruded upon, called – really? – to open my laptop. To sit down at the oval table. The table that belongs as much to dinners in the company of friends and family as to us, you, Jonathan, and me; the place from which we began writing into something that had been stirring way before we let our hands flit over the keys. Before we caught some thing; before we were caught in a rondo that swirled us into dizziness.

I spin into thoughts that seem to appear out of nowhere, elusive images, mirages. Into intruding obscurities. But we know that no-where is really where we're at, don't we? That there is always already a some-where; a where as container, as Bion (1970) would have it, for what is uncontainable and uncontained.

Today, now, a Sunday in July, 2016, I am by my self and I begin to write into another tableau of our in(tra)fusive choreography. Writing is what has held us here, isn't it? Writing together? Not just you-and-me, but you and me and Annabelle and our fellow collaborative writers. They have been here all this time too as we have inquired together at this kitchen table into what might be possible; collaborative writing that has been seeking to keep "open, fluid, creative, and working at the wonder" (Gale & Wyatt, 2016, p. 8). Though such hope has recently been so difficult, hasn't it?

If there was anything stable about our kitchen research practices this past year, anything that has held our thinking and conceptualizing together, in place, it has been writing, a faith-in-action that writing will see us through, will take us – this,

all of this – somewhere. The material-discursive, in(tra)fusing act of touching and pressing one key after another.

An ending (of sorts)

We are wary of endings, resistant to notions of conclusion and finitude. In keeping with the spirit of our collaborative writing endeavours, both in the wider project about which this paper speaks and in our own process together, we know there is never an ending, only an iterative unfolding.

The claim we make for *int(tra)fusion* as a reconfiguration of the research interview is itself infused with contingency and provisionality. The ‘agentic assemblage’ (Bennett, 2009) of our kitchen research practices and their conceptual work emerged between/through/as us, as we sat, talked, listened, drank coffee and wrote in Dagmar’s kitchen during those months from August 2015; and our assemblage was in turn shaped by (amongst other things) the previous year’s collaborative writing in dismal classrooms. Others – other assemblages – will, we hope, take somewhere else, as their own projects unfold, the practices and conceptualising we offer.

There is no ‘method’ to follow, no procedure to adopt. Instead, an invitation to think, write, live, with *in(tra)fusion*; and, more significant, a call to allow ourselves as researchers to come alive to our ever-differentiating research ‘events’ (Deleuze & Guattari, 2004).

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